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WESTERN UNION.

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THE ESTRANGED HEARTS.

A TALE OF MARRIED LIFE.

BY CLARA MORETON.

Ay, he remembered that evening well; and this emblem of constancy, how it smote him now! "Forget-me-not!" the flower spoke as plainly as words could have done, and his heart answered, "By those hours of tenderness, those days of joy, thou art not forgotten! Oh, Margaret, save me from these memories!"

And now unfolding a sheet of tissue paper, he lifted from it a long tress of soft brown hair, which fell from his fingers in spiral curls as he gazed upon it. There was no writing within. He needed none, for his eyes filled with tears as he looked upon it. Carefully he re-folded and closed the package to his lips, and then, with a deep sigh, he leaned his head upon his hands, and mused for hours.

The clock struck one—two—still his wife came not, and with impatience added to displeasure, he went down into the parlors, and for another weary hour paced the long rooms to and fro. Not a sound fell upon his ear, save the low ticking of the French clock in the boudoir, and, now and then, the distant rumbling of carriages.

He stood in the centre of the suite of rooms, and looked around him. This home that he had fitted up so luxuriously for his young bride—the drawing-room, with its gorgeous carpet of woven roses, its lofty windows, curtained with satin and heavily wrought lace, its antique and richly carved furniture, and all the exquisite ornaments that art could furnish, or wealth buy—the music room, with its splendid instrument, its rare old paintings, and its marble statues—the little boudoir for her own especial use, with its windows of stained glass and rose-colored drapery, its languor inviting lounges, and its mirror lined walls—why could she not be satisfied within such precincts to live for him, even as he had hoped to live for her?

He pressed his hand to his head; it was throbbing painfully, and hot with fever. Drawing aside the curtains of one of the front windows, which extended to the floor, he raised it, and the bolt of the Venetian shutters, and stepped out upon the balcony.

The cool air refreshed him, and now he heard the whirl of an approaching carriage—Nearer and nearer it came, and hastily receding the shutters, and dropping the window, he stood listening.

On the carriage rolled, stopping beside the door, and now there was a quick ring, which Mr. Dorrance answered in person. It was well he did, for Matty's slumber was unbroken. He held the door open, standing in the shade of it, so that he was not observed. He heard Mr. Graham say to his wife, in a low familiar tone,

"I am glad, my dear Mrs. Dorrance, that you have resolved to appear more frequently in the society which you so adorn. Will you hereafter come with me on my commands that you may have for, I can assure you, that I am but too happy to be entirely at your service."

Mr. Dorrance did not wait for his wife's reply, but stepping forward into the light, he met them face to face. He forgot his usual courtesy, his studied self-possession, as, drawing his wife's hand rudely from the arm on which it rested, he said,

"I will excuse you, Mr. Graham, from all future attentions towards my wife; she will not go into society hereafter, without my protection."

It was so sudden, so unexpected, that both stood speechless. The next moment, Mr. Dorrance had closed the door upon Mr. Graham, without the civilities of parting. And now his wife's dark eyes flashed vehemently, as breaking from his grasp, she entered the drawing room, and threw herself upon a velvet fauteuil. Her small foot beat the rich carpet nervously, and the soft odor of her cheeks deepened, until they glowed like the heart of the crimson rose which her white fingers were now fiercely tearing to pieces.

As her husband followed, she turned her head disdainfully from him. Each time that he seemed to speak she answered him with scornful hunting words, until at length stung to madness, he seized her arm, burying his nails in the flesh.

"Good God, Margaret! will you have no mercy upon me? do you not see that you are making a friend of me?"

She did not scream, although her arm quivered with pain; she did not seek to shake him off as before; she rather exulted in the idea that he had added personal violence to the mortification he had inflicted upon her, by his ungentlemanly treatment of Mr. Graham, so she smiled coldly, and answered, mockingly,

"Your own evil passions, sir, have converted you into the fiend which you allow you are, and which I cannot dispute—no, nor even doubt," she added as she glanced at her arm, which he had now released, she saw a drop of blood trickling down its polished surface. Around it she wound her fine cambric handkerchief, and rising, would have left the room.

Mr. Dorrance stood between her and the

door. "Margaret, you maddened me," he said. "I did not know that I was so violent—listen to me—we must have an understanding."

"I understand you now thoroughly," she answered; "let me pass."

"No, I will not. You must first promise me that—"

"Must!" hissed Margaret, "must! I shall promise you nothing." Then, subduing herself, she added, with more dignity, "When you are over your passion, and can treat me properly, I will listen to you—not before."

"You will listen to me now," said Mr. Dorrance determinedly, and clasping her hands, he held them between his own.

"I will not; I will not listen to one word—Let me go; let me go, Howard Dorrance. I will not hear this. You are a brute! I hate you! Oh, heavens! I wish I never had married," and, exhausted by the effort she had made to free herself, she sank back upon the fauteuil, and burst into a hysterical fit of weeping.

But her tears were not salutary. They arose from wounded pride, from mortified vanity, from excess of passion; and when her husband, subdued by them into a calmer state, sat down near her and tried to soothe her, she waved him from her with her hand, sobbing out,

"Go away, go away. I wish I were dead, and then I should be out of reach of your tyranny."

Mr. Dorrance answered not a word, but went straight from the room to his chamber.

And now, throwing herself across the fauteuil, Margaret buried her face in its soft cushions, and, for few moments gave way to the most violent emotions. There were no self-accusations mingled with her bitter upbraidings of her husband's conduct. She was the injured one, and she resolved that her husband should confess it, and sue for pardon before she would restore him to favor. What had she done? Nothing. But he, no words were sufficient to express the measure of his condemnation. A noise startled her. She looked up. Her comb had fallen from her head, bearing with it the heavy veil, and now her rich black tresses fell in masses, over her opera cloak, contrasting strongly with its snowy whiteness. She flung back her hair from her temples, which were glowing painfully; she pressed her small jeweled hands over them, and rising slowly, while her cloak fell to her feet, she caught the reflection of her symmetrical and richly colored form in the mirror opposite. Fascinated by its own wild gleaming beauty, she drew nearer, crouching as she did so, her fallen bonnet.

Alas! thus destructively was she trampling down her life's flowers.

"Me!" she said, still looking on her image in the glass. "Is it possible that Howard Dorrance has treated me so shamefully? How many times before I was his wife did he promise to satisfy only my wishes; and now, because I perceived the accomplishment of one desire, he has vented his passion thus insultingly upon me! paid no regard to my feelings even before me; adding abuse to insult!" and she glanced down upon her arm.

The sound which had before startled her, was repeated. A window shutter creaked; it might have been the wind; but terrified, she stole from the room, across the hall, and into the library.

The light was still burning there, and the first thing her eyes fell upon was the open drawer, which her husband had forgotten to close. She lifted the gay wreath, and read the name and date. It dropped from her trembling hands, and hurriedly she looked through the other mementoes. Once she thought to fear open a package of letters, but she dared not do that; the ribbon that fastened them was sealed. At length she came to the long curl of chestnut hair, and now her face blanched, and her lips grew pallid. Wrenching it apart, she would have thrown it upon the coals; but suddenly the expression of her countenance changed, a smile of triumph flitted from her eyes, and she replaced it carefully in the paper; as she did so she looked towards the door. It was ajar, and the blood crept chilly through her, from head to foot, as she met Edward Graham's eyes bent upon her. With his finger upon his lips, he approached her with noiseless footsteps.

"Do not be frightened. I will explain to you in a moment how I came here. There, sit down; you will be ill; you look so now, with your white face and pale lips. My dear Mrs. Dorrance, let me tell you how I worship you, that I may have some excuse for intruding upon you as I have done."

Margaret's voice was hoarse as she answered,

"No, you must tell me nothing; what would he say, if he were to find you here? Go—go, I beg of you. I tremble to think of it."

"I will go, if my absence will relieve you any. Oh, Margaret, if I dared to plead with you to go with me! Why will you try to subject yourself to such treatment as I have witnessed this night? Dear Margaret, will you not let me protect you from him?"

Mrs. Dorrance's mind was pre-occupied. She evidently did not understand his meaning; for she answered calmly,

"You are very kind. I am sorry that you have shared his anger with me; but you must excuse him for my sake. I never saw him so rude before. As for me, I could have forgiven and forgotten all, had it not been for this," and she pointed to the table; "see there, Mr. Graham, he does not love me; he never has loved me; the mementoes of a deeper love. Tell me, for you must know, was my husband ever your sister's professed lover?"

Edward Graham's thin lips were compressed tightly, and his gray eyes glittered with a steel-like brilliancy, as he answered,

"Yes, Mrs. Dorrance, when he first saw you, he was Helen's betrothed."

"I will be revenged upon him," she said quickly, while her eyes flashed with their fire.

A half-suppressed smile wreathed Graham's lips as he spoke; and when she arose, and taking a pair of scissors from a work-basket near, and approaching him, asked permission to cut a lock of hair from his head, he could not restrain the exultant glow which lit up his features.

She laid the hair idly upon the table, as she would had it been a feather or a scintilla of flame.

er, and then he saw that, in his eager haste, he had gleaned hope for the advancement of his purpose where there had been none for him.

"I must beg of you as the friend of my husband, here Graham's eyes resumed their steel-like glittering, but the unconscious Margaret continued, not to expose her unhappiness. I know not how much you have seen, nor how you saw it, for I thought the door closed upon you, as I came into the house."

"I will explain to you," interrupted Graham. "When your husband shut me out so rudely, I observed that one of the drawing room shutters had been but slightly closed, and still remained unfastened. I sent the hackman off, and, starting myself upon the balcony, I watched, fearing that Howard might have been to some club-meeting, and returned under the influence of wine, and you might suffer from his violence. I could not account for the change in his manners in any other way. I saw all, and after he had left the room would have come to you, but at each attempt to open the shutter wider, I saw that I alarmed you. When you went out into the hall, I crept carefully and quickly in, and divining that you had gone to the library, I followed you. You know the rest."

"How imprudent!" was the exclamation that escaped Margaret's lips.

A brown darkened Graham's brow. "I am nothing to you Mrs. Dorrance," he said impatiently; "you do not even seem to consider me a friend."

"How can you say so, Mr. Graham?" and she extended her hand. "I have always thought well of you; but you must see how imprudent you have been to-night—what a position you have placed me in if my husband should appear now. I wish he would think I was here!"

"I would not explain one word to him; he should suffer what he deserves to suffer!"

"Thought well of me!" repeated Edward Graham, "you have thought well of me you say; Margaret Dorrance, if your whole heart were freighted with love for another, if his voice was the only music your ears cared to listen to, his smile your only sunlight, would you be satisfied that one should only think well of you in return?"

Mrs. Dorrance's large eyes first dilated with surprise, then dropped beneath the steady and burning gaze that met her own.

"Mr. Graham," she said, "I am a wife, and cannot listen to such words; I beg you to leave me now. Had I ever dreamed that your kindness to me arose from other feelings than those of friendship, I should not have met it as I always have."

He did not turn his eyes from her as he answered,

"Yes, you are a wife—an unloved wife, these papers bespeak you—your own heart tells you that it is so. Margaret, listen to me; you said but now that you would have revenge—you cannot love one who so tyrannizes upon you, while his heart is devoted to another—you cannot love!"

"I do, I do love him," broke out Mrs. Dorrance. "I love him too well; but he shall never know it; I will convince him of the contrary," and she sighed heavily when she thought that by that evening's conduct, and by her harsh and hasty words, she had already, perhaps, too well convinced him.

She crossed the library to the door, and opening it, said,

"I would have you go this moment," and as she approached she added, "If ever you wish me to consider you in the light of a friend again, do not speak another word to me of love. I will bury the past within my own bosom, and trust you will give me the same promise."

He did not answer; but he raised her hand to his lips, and in another moment left, cursing in his heart the precipitate haste that would now place her on her guard towards him. The front door swung to heavily after him; and Mrs. Dorrance went down to the drawing room, and bolted the shutters which she thought Richard had so carelessly left unfastened.

And now falling back upon the same fauteuil where she had thrown herself an hour before in such a storm of passion, she gave herself up to reflection. She saw the dangers to which she had exposed herself, and she no longer wondered that her husband would shield her from the world and its temptations. And now, her conscience, once awakened from its slumber, failed not to accuse her of her errors. The veil was stripped away which self-love had thrown over all, and humbled at the sight, she would have gone to her husband with penitent confessions, had it not been for the relics of the past which the open drawer had revealed to her.

"I cannot doubt that he has loved me," she said, recalling many incidents of their married life. "I cannot doubt it, and it is I who have driven him back to memories of his first love. But he wronged me in concealing that from me; had I known his heart had once been another's I should have been more careful of it; but I was too confident of my own power. Now, if I should tell him that I have done wrong, that I saw my errors, how he would exult over me, always holding up his first love as a sort of bug bear to frighten me into submission. No, he shall not do that. I will adhere to my first purpose; he shall think that I too have mementoes."

So fostering a spirit of revenge, she put out the lights, and went back to the library.

Taking a slip of paper from her own writing desk, she wrote upon it, "Edward, Midnight, Atonement." Then, enclosing the lock of hair which she had severed from Graham's head, she laid it in her unlocked drawer.

She went up to her children's bed chamber, and, after awakening Matty, she stole softly into her own room for her night dress. What was her surprise to find her husband still up, when she had supposed him asleep long ago. He was standing beside the mantel, and his face was as white and rigid as the marble upon which he leaned. Her heart accused her, but she would not listen to its better promptings.

"He is the one to make the first concessions," she said to herself, but she waited in vain for them. He saw her gather her things together

and leave the room, without making the slightest motion to detain her.

There was no sleep for either that night; both were conscious of error; each imagined the other guilty of a wrong.

Howard Dorrance had been aroused from the reverie in which he had indulged, after leaving his wife, by hearing the shutting of the front door. Hastening to the window, fearing that his wife, in her impetuosity, was fleeing from him, he had seen Edward Graham leave the house. Struck with surprise, and supposing, of course, that his wife must have admitted him, he had tortured himself with suspicions, until his brain was in a whirl.

Thus were two hearts, each fondly loving the other, (one from the faults of education, incapable of making the sacrifices which love required—the other, forgetting to make allowances for the tendency of that education,) now still farther separated by a whirlpool of pride, jealousy and passion.

CHAPTER III.

"Her vengeful pride, a kind of madness grown; She haggled her wrongs, her sorrow was her throne!"

"So pray thee come—our fate will be But half a fete, if waiting thee."

Poet.

In the weeks that followed, Margaret Dorrance had ample time to regret her obstinacy. The breach that separated her from her husband seemed daily to widen. He gave her no opportunity for explanations; but treated her with studied coldness whenever they met. Her apartment had ceased to share since that fatal night.

She felt now how much easier it would have been to have yielded to his wishes—even to have renounced all society—than to bear the penalty which her perverseness had brought upon her.

Often had she been upon the point of throwing herself at his feet, and begging for a return of his love; but then pride would hold her back with its iron grasp.

Oh, how truly has it been said that "pride must be conquered as man would conquer an enemy." Few there are that realize how it plants the thistle and the thorn in the garden of the affections—how it turns the heart to a desert, and unseals the Marah, which with its surging flood sweeps away all holy affections.

Margaret felt but too truly that the difference which separated her from her husband also removed her farther from her God. She could not call upon him as before, when, looking upon her children and her husband, she had acknowledged his goodness and mercy to her, in giving her such blessings. Now, with the selfishness of an impenitent heart, she accused him of injustice, and recalling the gloomy doctrines which had been early impressed upon her memory by the pious mother who was now no more, she thought if she was fated to be an unloved wife she would, at least, learn to bear it with stoicism.

Thus day after day, she wandered forth from the Kingdom of Heaven; the thorns of earth wounding her, the bitter waters of her heart overwhelming her, and pride only, strengthening her to endurance.

At length came an invitation to a party, given by one of her oldest and most intimate friends.

Margaret had neither inclination to go, nor spirit to prepare herself, but Emily Walton would take no refusal. Tableaux were not out of date, and she was preparing to have them on a large scale. No one but Margaret came up to her ideas of a Rebecca, and so she coaxed Mrs. Dorrance into yielding her reluctant consent.

The day preceding arrived, and all the morning Margaret had been oppressed with an uncomfortable sadness. She went into the nursery, intending to divert her mind with her children.

Ida was asleep, but Harry had just been brought in by his nurse from a walk, and his attention was engrossed by a new toy.

"Come hither Harry," said Mrs. Dorrance, "come sit in mamma's lap."

"No me unt, me done wan to, me sit in me own lap."

"Oh, Harry's a naughty boy to speak so to mamma! Well, never mind, when poor mamma dies, and is buried up in the cold ground, then little Harry will feel bad."

The tender-hearted fellow dropped his toy, and burst into a sob, his big tears rolled down his cheeks, his breast heaved and he said reproachfully,

"Oh no do right, to talk so to me; done on see how bad on make me feel?"

His mother was ready to clasp him to her heart, when suddenly his whole countenance changed. Resuming his former independent tone, and at the same time picking up his toy, he said,

"Well, me never mind, me don't care; when on die papa got me new mamma very quick."

Margaret was so vexed at this sudden turn that she felt like shaking the boy; but controlling herself, she left him to the nurse, who was mightily pleased at the spirit evinced by his answer.

And thus every little event of the day seemed to have a tendency to depress her more and more; and when the hour approached that Mrs. Walton had promised to send her husband for her, she stood shivering, although beside a glowing fire, feeling that she would be willing to die, could she but once more pillow her head upon her own husband's breast.

She had ordered her own carriage that night, and, at the appointed hour it was punctually at the door.

Mr. Walton had not come. Oh, the relief if she should not be obliged to go!

Once more she went to the boudoir—the darling little room, where she had passed so many happy hours with her husband, he reading aloud to her their favorite books; while she pilloved upon a lounge, listened, wondering if ever human voice equalled his in its richly modulated tones.

Now, she stood there alone. Alone! and Oh how wretched! Whichever way she turned, the lofty mirrors reflected back a pale face,

with eyes that tears had robbed of half their brilliancy.

How strange it seemed! Her dress of amber satin, with its bertha of costly lace—the delicate-colored wreath of natural jessamine flowers that encircled her head like a coronet—the embroidered demi-skirt of lace, looped up with green sprays, and jessamine buds; so much taste evidenced, so much luxury scattered around, and withal, such a world of misery looking out from the depths of those hopeless eyes.

The door bell rang. The servant who answered it, ushered a gentleman into the drawing room.

Mrs. Dorrance advancing met Edward Graham.

"Mr. Graham! To what accident am I indebted for this unexpected call?"

"Mrs. Walton commissioned me last evening, to call for you to-night, Mrs. Dorrance. Her husband, she said, would be unavoidably detained."

Mrs. Dorrance's lips smiled; but her eyes changed not from their dim sorrow, as she answered,

"As Emma has not kept her part of the compact, I am released from mine. I shall not go to-night, Mr. Graham, and am sorry to have given you all this trouble. I will not detain you one moment longer."

"But, Mrs. Dorrance, your friend made me promise that I would not return without you; indeed you must go; your absence would cast a damper over the whole party."

"I am not vain enough to believe that, Mr. Graham," she answered, with something of scorn in her manner.

"I did not say it with any intention of flattering you, Mrs. Dorrance; it will most assuredly be so, for Mrs. Walton is relying upon you to personate several characters, and without you, the whole series must of course fall through."

"I cannot help it, Mr. Graham. As Emily did not send her husband for me as she promised, I am released from attendance. You need not urge it, for even did I wish to go, you know my husband has objected to my receiving attentions from you."

"But, Mrs. Dorrance, your husband has taken off that interdiction," interrupted Mr. Graham, eagerly, and, as he spoke, he glanced through the suite of rooms, for they both remained standing in the centre of the drawing-room. His voice might have been a semi-tone lower, as he continued:

"I met him to-day, and asked his consent to wait upon you this evening; he replied promptly, that he had no objections. I hope now you will not consider yourself justified in disappointing your friends."

Mrs. Dorrance could not account for the sudden suspicion which entered her mind that Mr. Graham had not spoken the truth. To be sure, she had ceased to regard him as a friend, since the night he had endeavored to persuade her to forgetfulness of her duties as a wife; and associating him with the cause of her alienation from her husband, it was no wonder that she felt a fear of his trying to separate them still farther. She fixed her eyes earnestly upon him.

"Mr. Graham, is that strictly true?"

"Upon my honor it is. What reason have you to doubt my word, Mrs. Dorrance?"

"I thought it possible," she replied, "that this might be one of the occasions for falsehood, for which fashionable life grants free and full absolution; but if it is as you say, I will not disappoint Emily; it would not be right, I suppose, for me to do so."

She prepared herself to go out to the carriage.

"You are not deceiving me?" she said.

Mr. Graham opened the door, as he followed Mrs. Dorrance into the hall, his quick eye caught a glimpse of her husband just coming out of the library. He answered, in a raised tone,

"I told you, Mrs. Dorrance, exactly what your husband said."

They were gone. Margaret had not seen the one imploring, despairing look that was cast after her. She had not a dream of the tempest of agony with which a "full grown heart," freighted with love for her, was battling throughout that weary night.

Could she but have divined it, how joyously would she have retraced her steps! with what explanations of, and concessions for, the past—with what promises for the future, would she have dispelled that momentarily increasing storm.

"False-hearted, crafty, subtle, as I believe him to be, yet he has told her all, and she has chosen to go. Now, as I said, so shall it be, though it break my heart-strings."

These were the only words that escaped his lips.

And what had he said? It was that Edward Graham had met him, and asked his consent to wait upon his wife; but he had told him that it was to a theatrical exhibition. It was true that Mr. Dorrance had answered he should make no objections, but he had also added, "If she consents to go with you to-night, she shall return to my house no more."

(To be Continued.)

ALABAMA.—The Southern Rights Party, as they call themselves, in Alabama, have it seems adopted the following as their platform:

1st. "Be right" to dissolve the Union at pleasure.

2d. The necessity of dissolving it sooner or later.

3d. The duty to dissolve it.

4th. The obligation to assist any other State to destroy the Union whenever called upon.

The English papers say, that a century ago the amount expended in England for books, periodicals and newspapers, did not exceed \$500,000 a year, whereas the sum now so expended annually is calculated at \$10,000,000.

Scene on the Isthmus.

We have remarked some of the roughest specimens of humanity passing through our city, that we ever cast eyes upon in our life before. The other day, while standing at the Exchange, our attention was called to one of the very hardest-looking of customers, just arrived in the "Isthmus," from California, after evidently a long residence in El Dorado. He and those with him were bearded like pards. He was listening to the jabber of a native who had hired him a mule, and on seeing his baggage, was remonstrating to get a dollar or two more. "Look you here, hombre," said he, "a bargain's a bargain; I agreed to give you twenty dollars; I paid you the half; start your boots! I am a man of few words; but if in ten minutes that mule ain't ready packed, there will be one dead nigger about these diggings." He drew a revolver from his belt, looked at the caps, and, turning round, looked defiance at everybody. At that instant a lady on a mule, and two beautiful little girls, on their way to California, were trying to pass the blocked-up thoroughfare. His eyes met the appealing gaze of the mother. In an instant his whole countenance was changed. He doffed his hat to the lady, backed the mule, *hombre* and all, and, with a sweep with his arm, called the attention of his comrades; "Back boys," said he, "make way for the lady!" The way was cleared, and the lady passed. Our stalwart friend stood gazing after them for a minute or two, and as he turned round, we could perceive his face suffused with tears; on wiping them, he perceived they were regarding him closely; "I have been away from home, sir," said he in a faltering voice, "for two years; that woman, and the faces of those little children, reminded me of my family. God bless my girls and their mother!" So, shaking himself, as it were, he returned his revolver to his belt; and, in a mild voice, said to the native, "Come, *hombre*, as soon as you can, my friend, get that mule ready, and you shall have what you ask more." And so saying, he walked thoughtfully away.—*Panama paper.*

A delegation of gentlemen from Tennessee, Mississippi and Alabama, (embracing the Ex-Governors Clay and Jones) have recently visited Charleston, for the purpose of procuring aid in the construction of the Memphis and Charleston Railroad. A public meeting has been held in Charleston, and a resolution, offered by Mr. Memminger, adopted by a large majority, requesting the City Council, so soon as they are informed that arrangements have been made satisfactory to the South Carolina Railroad Company for crossing the Savannah river at Augusta, to subscribe to the stock of the Memphis and Charleston Railroad Company, the sum of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

This uniting States by bands of iron is vastly more sensible and patriotic than rash movements to disassociate sister States, and arm brother against brother in civil strife and bloodshed. Charleston knows her real interest and the honor of the South.—*Richmond Enquirer.*

INTERESTING QUESTION.—It is said that the difference between eating strawberries and cream and kissing a pretty girl, is so small that it cannot be appreciated. There is some dispute on the point however, and we are about, in a becoming spirit of self-sacrifice, to offer to institute a series of experiments in order to test the matter thoroughly. Bring on your strawberries and cream, and the other things! Hovey's Seedlings, and young ladies dressed in the Bloomer costume would be preferred.—*Yankee Blade.*

A New Hampshire farmer, going to a parish meeting, met his minister, and told him that his society thought of increasing his salary. "I beg of you not to think of any such thing," said the minister, "for it is about as much business to collect my present salary as I wish to attend for it if it is increased, I should be obliged to devote my whole time to collect it."

The Memphis, Tenn., Eagle of the 1st inst., has the following paragraph:

THE GOOD OF RAILROADS.—We recollect the time when Chattanooga, on the line between Georgia and Tennessee, was a poor, miserable apology for a town, with a blacksmith shop, a grocery, and what was facetiously called a town. Its census could have been taken in a quarter of an hour.—Chattanooga has now fine, large, and commodious hotels in full blast, a large number of beautiful private residences, and a thriving, industrious population. So much for the influence of Railroads.

IF The population of Marion county, Fla. has nearly doubled since January last, the emigration being mostly from